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THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

INTRODUCTION.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. was, like the Second Part, an old play revised. As the Second Part had followed the Play printed in 1594,—*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*—so the Third Part followed as closely the play printed in 1595. This was, in fact, the Second Part of the Contention, but was separately entitled, "*The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt with the whole contention betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembrooke his servants.* Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peter's Church in Cornhill. 1595." *The True Tragedie* is the original of Shakespeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, which begins where it begins, ends where it ends. The play is too long to be given complete in both forms within the limits of this volume. The earlier form, therefore, is appended to Shakespeare's version of it only as far as space permits, and the rest will be appended to the next play, which immediately continues the action, and was Shakespeare's own close to the series, his *King Richard III.* Still there was space to find, and it has been made by borrowing some pages that would otherwise have been given to this Introduction.

As in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*, those passages in the play assigned to Shakespeare which are not in the older version, and which we may suppose to have been added by him, are underlined. A little observation of the character of these additions—even before proceeding to that

closer comparison of play with play which shows the smaller verbal changes and artistic transpositions—should make it clear that the *First Part of the Contention* and the *True Tragedie, i.e.*, are really older plays retouched by Shakespeare; and that they are not, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom supposed them to be, piratical depravations of the plays included among Shakespeare's works. I have no doubt that they do frequently deprave the lines of Marlowe, or of Greene, or of some other poet. In some places, also, I have no doubt that what seem to be Shakespeare's amendments are simply the more faithful reproductions of the text upon which Shakespeare was working. But I think there may be a trace also of Shakespeare found in the *True Tragedie*, though there be none in the *First Part of the Contention*.

It is weakness to speak positively upon matters that we cannot positively know, and build unhesitating faith upon conjecture. Mr. Dyce, in his edition published in 1850 of Marlowe, whose works no contemporary had attempted to collect—there was, indeed, no collection of them before that made by George Robinson in 1826—Mr. Dyce included *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* among plays of which Marlowe probably was the chief author. "Greene," he said, "may have contributed his share, so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done; but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstrably prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have full warrant for supposing that Marlowe was very largely concerned in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie;* and the following instances of their occasional close resemblance to his *Edward the Second* are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallelisms might be thought to weigh, if they formed the only grounds for it:—

"'I *tell* thee, Poüll, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stol'st away our ladaies hearts *in France*.'
" *First Part of Contention.*

"'*Tell* Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France*.'
" *Edward II.*

"'Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland ;
The wild O'Nele, my lord, is vp in armes,
With troupes *of Irish kernes* that, *uncontrold*,
Doth plant themselves *within the English pale*.'
" *First Part of Contention*

"'*The wild O'Neil, with* swarms *of Irish kerns*
Lives *uncontrolled within the English pale*.'
" *Edward II.*

"'Sterne Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*.'
" *True Tragedie.*

"'The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas*.'
" *Edward II.*

"'Thus yields *the cedar* to the axes edge,
Whose armes gave shelter to the princlie eagle.'
" *True Tragedie.*

"'A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair, flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.'
" *Edward II.*

"'What, will the *aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink into the ground ? I had thought it would have mounted.'
" *True Tragedie.*

"'Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster ?*'
" *Edward II.*

"'[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.'
" *Edward II.*"

Other writers have found good grounds for a presumption that Robert Greene had a hand in the writing of these plays. It is noticeable that when Greene in his last days wrote the often-quoted passage of complaint against actors who dealt as they pleased with work of poets, and indicated Shakespeare as a chief offender in that way, he levelled at Shakespeare, as an " upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a

parody of a line in this *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, "O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide"—reading it "player's hide." In that context of complaint against Shakespeare as an actor meddling with the works of poets, Greene showed that he had this play present to his mind. The line that put a tiger's heart into a woman's hide is in the old play, and, so far, does not seem to have been added by Shakespeare, although Greene may have accounted it Shakespearean bombast.

Greene died on the 3rd of September, 1592. Before that date, therefore, all the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.* were in existence. My conjecture is that Shakespeare's retouching grew bolder as its worth obtained more recognition, and that some part of his revision of the *True Tragedie*—work very recent in September, 1592, and, therefore, a fresh grief to Greene—became inseparable from the play, and remained in it when it was first printed in 1595. I do not suppose that there were any touches by Shakespeare in the *First Part of the Contention*, at least three years old when printed in 1594. But the *True Tragedie* was, I think, printed in 1595 with passages at the close which Shakespeare had made inseparable from it, and which were designed by him as preparation for his treatment of the history of Richard III. Upon that sequel of civil war he then went on to shape, himself alone, a fourth and last play for the full completion of the series. When the play of *Richard III.* was in existence—as it was in 1595—the *True Tragedie* would be acted or read with those passages indicating the dramatic motive of the next and best play of the set. These passages I can ascribe only to Shakespeare, though they do occur in the old play, and, therefore, are not underlined in the present edition of the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* But here we reach what must be the first topic of the Introduction to *King Richard III.*

H. M.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*

On King Henry's Side.
- DUKE OF SOMERSET,
- DUKE OF EXETER,
- EARL OF OXFORD,
- EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
- EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
- LORD CLIFFORD,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

His Sons.
- EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.*,
- EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
- GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
- RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster,*

Of the Duke of York's Party.
- DUKE OF NORFOLK,
- MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
- EARL OF WARWICK,
- EARL OF PEMBROKE,
- LORD HASTINGS,
- LORD STAFFORD,

Uncles to the Duke of York.
- SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
- SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE—During the Third Act, in FRANCE; during the rest of the Play, in ENGLAND.

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and others, with White Roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. [To YORK, *showing his.*] And, brother,
here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET'S *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with Red Roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,—
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vowed revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What! shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame! come down. He made thee Duke of York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.[1]

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard, Duke of York.

[1] as the kingdom is.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

Mont. [*To* York.] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say: my title's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be in despite of all

North. Thou art deceived: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men.

And o'er the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.[1]

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

[1] *King.* Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captain, conduct them into Tothill Fields.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandoned, and despised!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the Prince of* WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made Protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environéd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away:
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I 'll see your grace; till then, I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingéd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.[1]

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible

[1] Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here;
For Clifford and these northern lords be gone
I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I 'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.[1]
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employed, what resteth more

[1] And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then, noble father, resolve yourself,
And once more claim the crown.

But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman 's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accurséd duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;[1]
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood

[1] on the lamb

Hath stopped the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and
thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*

Rut. *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade.
Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV. — The Same.

Alarum. *Enter* York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field;
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvéd wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechancéd them:
But this I know, they have demeaned themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me, [1]

[1] Three times this day came Richard to my sight.

And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it out!"[1]
And full as oft came Edward to my side,[2]
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charged again; but, out, alas!
We bodged again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;[3]
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numbered, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the young* PRINCE, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

[1] Victory or death.
[2] And twice so oft came Edward to my view.
[3] I hear the drums.

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment showed unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay: so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That raught at mountains with outstretchéd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revelled in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stained this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What! hath thy fiery heart so parched thine
entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 't is a fault too too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal;
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touched, would not have stained with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania,
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—'Alas! it was a piteous deed.'—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.[1] [*Dies.*

[1] My soul flies forth to meet with thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scaped;
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,

As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs;
Who having pinched a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environéd he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite:

Laughed in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steepéd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquished thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closéd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.[1]

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:

[1] These two lines expand. The one line—
For never shall I have more joy.

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—[1]
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownéd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount

[1] These six lines expand the two lines—

I cannot joy till the white rose be dyed,
Even in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
Marched towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advértiséd,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joined and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—'Ay, and to it, lords.'

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolléd in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty[1] thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty[2] thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—'Charge! upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.

[1] fifty. [2] forty-eight.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums!—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *the Prince of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompassed with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away.'
Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. [1]
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

[1] Than may the present profit countervail.

I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty [1] thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!"

[1] fifty.

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?[1]

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif And reason too·
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,

[1] Now perjured Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown,
And kneel for mercy at thy sovereign's feet?

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, now it is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword. By Him that made us all, I am resolved That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no? A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day, That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head; For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right, There is no wrong but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands; For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam; But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

Marked by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be called the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?[1]

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,
That washed his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heaped sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broached this tumult, but thy pride?

[1] To parley thus with England's lawful heirs.

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite,[1] needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.[2]

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight: they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

[1] force perforce.

[2] That we may die unless we gain the day:
What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven
[3] Upon the harmless line of York' true house

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'[1]
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,

[1] Thy noble father in the thickest throngs
Cried still for Warwick his thrice valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged breast.
And as he tottering sat upon his steed,
He waft his hands to me and cried aloud,
'Richard, commend me to my valiant son.'
And still he cried, 'Warwick, revenge my death!

I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.[1]—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, nor melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.[2]

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

[1] Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we lose the day.

[2] To see these dire mishaps continue so.

And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.[1]

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And there's the heart that triumphs in their death,

[1] Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death
This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy curséd heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight.* WARWICK *comes;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquerèd :[1]
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory ;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;

[1] How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woful battle doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side drive,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchéd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

May be possessèd with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.[1]
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I pressed forth:
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.[2]—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did,—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flowed their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.[3]
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,

[1] And I will search to find them if I can.

[2] And in this conflict I have slain my father.

[3] Transposed from part of the King's speech after the lament of the Father who has killed his son. After the lament of the Son who has killed his father, the King, in the old play, does not speak.

Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's[1] face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds![2]

[1] The old play has here 'no famous,' a misprint for 'no foeman's.'

[2] This line is transposed from the first speech of the King in the old play, 'O, would my death might stay these civil jars!'

O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoaned his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre.
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell,

And so obsequious will thy father be,
Son, for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chaféd bull.
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord : towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,

Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer-flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabbed your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.[1]—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,

[1] Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopped the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, Duke of York.[1]

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placéd there;

[1] Who killed our tender brother, Rutland,
And stabbed our princely father, Duke of York.

Instead whereof, let this supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answeréd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

War. I think, his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford ! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford ! repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford ! devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland. I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunchéd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownéd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz[1], to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt*

[1] Misprinted in the old play 'busie.'

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;[1]
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

[1] Come, let's take our stand upon this hill,
And by and by the deer will come this way;
But stay, here comes a man, let's listen him awhile.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace the sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost:

For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is installed;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret! thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crowned with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was King of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightness of you common men
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obeyed:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and Lady* Grey

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.

Glo. [*Aside to* Clarence.] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] God forbid that, for he 'll take vantages.[1]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

[1] These words between Gloster and Clarence are transposed from a later part of the scene.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task: 't is but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The match is made: she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:[1]
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

[1] My humble service, such as subjects owes and the laws commands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:[1]
One way, or other, she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

[1] Her looks are all replete with majesty.

L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] When he was made a shriver 't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* GREY, CLARENCE, *and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,—
The lustful Edward's title buried,—
Is[1] Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,

[1] First is there—

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub:[1]
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part;
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved!
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshaped trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

[1] 'Shrub,' misprinted 'shrimp' in the old play.

That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I 'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, and Lady* BONA, *attended: the King takes his state. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and the Earl of* OXFORD.

K. Lew. [*Rising.*] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares,

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banished man,
And forced to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renownéd queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.[1]

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What 's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state. Queen* [MARGARET *rises.*

[1] Thou shalt have aid to repossess thy right
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place King Henry in his former rule.
Q. Mar. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regard our wrongs.
[*Enter* WARWICK.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowéd friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeignéd love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To* Bona.] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.[1]

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,

[1] Before you answer Warwick or his words,
For he it is hath done us all these wrongs.

You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six[1] years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,

[1] Thirty and eight.

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—
[*To* WARWICK.] Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason, that I be released
From giving aid which late I promiséd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings:
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague;—
These from our king unto your majesty;—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dares he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignéd friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged,
But by thy help to this distresséd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownéd prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what 's passed; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward : be gone. [*Exit Messenger.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty :—
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.[1]
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

[1] *Q. Mar.* With all my heart; that match I like full well.
Love her, son Edward, she is fair and young,
And give thy hand to Warwick for thy love.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall
be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame[1] of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

[1] 'Dame' misprinted 'name' in the old play.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, *and* Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know, 't is far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* Grey, *as Queen,* Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:
No, God forbid, that I should wish them severed
Whom God hath joined together;[1] ay, and 't were pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

[1] God forefend
That I should once gainsay your highness' pleasure.

Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonouréd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have joined with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 't is backed with France.

Hast. 'T is better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you showed your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q Eliz My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent:
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:—
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they 're so linked in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

Stay, not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignéd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry "Henry!"*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING'S *Tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?[1]

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—"*Warwick! Warwick!*" *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying*—"*Arm! Arm!*" WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here 's the duke.

[1] *Oxf.* Who goes there?

The guards do not speak in the old play.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.[1]

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

[1] —— let Fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King* EDWARD *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.[1]

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

[1] This scene in the old play follows the scene in the Park near Middleham Castle.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come, therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, *Sir* William Stanley, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.[1]

Enter King Edward *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

[1] 'Now I have privily sent him word
How I am come with you to rescue him.'
The whole passage is expanded in this manner, and the succeeding dialogue made more dramatic than it is in the old play.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guessed, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hanged.

Glo. Come then; away! let 's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turned my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incagéd birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,[1]

[1] This scene in the old play follows the scene before the walls of York, with Edward, Hastings, and Montgomery. There is

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blesséd land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.

much rearrangement and development of this part ot the *True Tragedie.* The two texts should be read together.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;[1]
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content.
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

[1] Clarence agrees to what King Henry likes.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head.*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escapéd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was conveyed by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but* SOMERSET, RICHMOND, *and* OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My wanéd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we passed, and now repassed the seas,
And brought desiréd help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarnéd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be opened. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him; but, being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim.
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.[1]

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaimed.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,

[1] I am resolved once more to claim the crown.
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, *and* MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame,
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within: "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence[1] is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

[1] Oxford.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlooked-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O unbid spite! is sportful[1] Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king,

[1] Misprinted in old play 'spotful.'

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily fingered from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[OXFORD *and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder matched, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.[1]—

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,

[1] *Clar.* Clarence, Clarence for Lancaster.
K. Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parley, sirrah, to George of Lancaster.

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt-unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou will object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight,

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not cooped here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.—
Now Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.[1]

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,

[1] These two lines are transposed from the beginning of Warwick's last speech before death.

We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly![1]

War. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealéd blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said—'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon[2] in a vault,
That mought not be distinguished: but, at last,

[1] Ah, Warwick, Warwick, cheer up thyself and live,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed all her train,
And mightst thou live then would we never fly.

[2] 'Clamour' in the old play, for which 'cannon' is here, doubtless, a misprint in the Shakespeare folio.

I well might hear, delivered with a groan,—
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well-assured,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértised by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, *Prince* Edward, Somerset, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood;

Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.[1]

[1] Queen Margaret's speech in the old play is only this:—

Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumed,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

That bears the sails to bring us unto rest.
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallowed up our friends.

He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: — sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceived: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

Scene V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: Excursions; and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and Forces; with Queen* Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* Oxford *and* Somerset, *guarded*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crockback, rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower![1] [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!
They that stabbed Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

[1] *Clar.* About what, prithee tell me?
Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower. I'll root them out.

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here:

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favoured Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to his prince! [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:

'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been liméd in a bush,
With trembling wings, misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and killed.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that seared the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I killed for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been killed, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word Love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me:—I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne,* *Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mowed down, in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watched the winter's night,
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not looked on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master,
And cried All hail! whenas he meant All harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound. drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

Enter RICHARD *Duke of* YORKE, *The Earle of* WARWICKE, *The Duke of* NORFFOLKE, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD *Earle of* MARCH, *Crookeback* RICHARD, *and the yong Earle of* RUTLAND, *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

Warwike. I wonder how the king escapt our hands.
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckhingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.
Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.
War. And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,

And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.
York. Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle Norffolke. Staie by me my Lords,
And souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.
Ile plant Plantagenet: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king HENRIE *the sixt, with the Duke of* EXCESTER, *The Earle of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Earle of* WESTMERLAND *and* CLIFFORD, *the Earle of* CUMBERLAND, *with red Roses in their hats.*

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof. makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.
York. 'Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne,
In following this vsurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.
War. True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?
York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.
War. And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No Warwike I remember it to my griefe,

And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.
War. Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats!
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to speake.
King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,

And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king?
King. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull king. For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York. I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exceter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde?
War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of
Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.
York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
King. O Warwike, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [*Exit.*
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. [*Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [*Exit.*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.
King Ah Exeter?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
York. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
[*Sound Trumpets.*
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,
To my castell. [*Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*
War. And ile keepe London with my souldiers. [*Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norffolke with my followers. [*Exit.*
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge
Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.
The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be
still.

King. Gentle sonne Edwarde, wilt thou staie with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. [*Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [*Exit.*
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince
Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of YORKE.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.
York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till
His death.
Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke. I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willinglie rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland and Westmerland, and others of the
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiedge you in your castell heere.

Enter sir IOHN *and sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

Yorke. A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me.
Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vncles,
Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.

Sir Iohn. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.

York. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?

Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?

York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon

In Normandie, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. [*Exit.*

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. [*Exit the Chaplein.*
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines.

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till I root out that curssed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before I take my death.
To thee I praie: Sweet Clifford pittie me.
Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die
Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarmes, Enter the duke of YORKE *solus.*

Yorke. Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,

In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And heere I staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the Phœnix maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.
Nor. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres. [*Fight and take him.*
Cliff. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
Or where is that valiant Crookbackt prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.

So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in this life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of France:
Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,

But God he wots thy share thereof is small,
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.
North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie I can checke mine eies from teares.
York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.
Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with drum and Souldiers.*

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.
[*Three sunnes appeare in the aire.*
Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:

Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?
Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.
Edw. O speake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture

Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.
For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of WARWIKE, MONTAGUE, *with drum, ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah Warwike? should we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,

Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought:
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle Warwike.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundie to England?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent
From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.

Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.
War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwike blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Aucmaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,

And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie councell.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march away.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, *and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe their den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking serpentes mortall stirg?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,

That things euill got had euer bad successe,
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.
Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,

Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.
Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edward. Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?
Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.
George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.
Clif. And reason George. Who should succeede the father but the son?
Rich. Are you their butcher?
Clif. I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.
Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.
War. What saiest thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.
War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue mee thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwike, that could make you staie.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde

Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that Clifford there, that
Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and
Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my right
or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that Warwike saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;

Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our summer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.
Quee. Staie Edward staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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